

THE COLUMBIAN.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

Farm For Sale.

70 acres in Fishingcreek township, Col. Co. 10 miles from Van Camp, New Columbia and Cambria. Fair buildings, good water, fine orchard. No. 1 grass farm, will sell at a bargain upon easy terms. Will exchange upon property in Bloomsburg. Call upon or address—

W. M. CHRISTMAN,
Bloomsburg, Pa.

FOR SALE—Desirable vacant lots and a number of good houses and lots in Bloomsburg. The best business stand in Bloomsburg. A very desirable property in Willow Grove, first-class buildings and 19 acres of land. Dwellings in Italy. Ten good farms in Columbia county, one in Luzerne county, one in Virginia and two in Luzerne. One country store stand in Columbia county and one in Luzerne county, 3 grist mills in Columbia county, by

M. P. LUTZ,
Insurance and Real Estate Agt., Bloomsburg Pa.

ORANGEVILLE.

Mr. J. W. Gardner started for Waverly N. J. on Monday. He expects to spend Decoration there.

Mrs. Jos. Turner and son Otis spent Sunday in town.

Miss Lizze Coleman has been visiting her mother a few days.

Mr. Harry Sharpless and wife of Bloomsburg was in town Sunday.

Mr. Harvey Henrie of Buckhorn was in town Monday.

Mr. Nunamacher and wife of Allentown and Mr. Jos. Bower and wife of Berwick spent Sunday with Mrs. Hattie Achenbach.

The Cornet Band gave Berwick a flying visit on Saturday eve.

The W. & W. R. R. have their grading done as far as the B. & S. Station.

The Herring grist mill presents a fine appearance. It has been covered with new siding and several coats of paint.

A band of Gypsies camped near town Sunday. The men were always ready to deal horses, while the women were busy going from house to house begging.

Rev. Lilly of Hughesville preached in the M. E. church Sunday night.

Tuesday morning J. B. DeLong found one of the large glass in the front of his store room broken. How it was done is a mystery.

RAMBLER.

Tax notices at this office, 30 cents a dozen. Also collectors receipt books. 5-29-4W.

Husband and Wife.

Have more than once been saved by timely use of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, after all other remedies have been tried in vain. The Balsam stops decay of the lungs and cures influenza and acute and chronic coughs. There is no other medicine in the world that acts so promptly, certainly none that does its work so thoroughly as Kemp's Balsam. All druggists sell it. Large bottles 50c.

BRIAROREEK.

Mrs. David Michael who has been under the Doctor's care for some time with La Grippe is on the mend again. We hope she may soon be able to perform household duties again.

Mrs. John Fenster who has been sick for some time with Erysipelas is improving slowly, but isn't able to be out of bed yet.

Mr. G. P. Learn had a valuable sorrel horse almost ruined by a barb wire fence last Sunday the 24th. He turned the horse out to pasture and it started and ran right into the fence with terrific force, cutting some fearful gashes in his breast and legs.

Mr. Samuel Slicker has purchased a valuable mare. She is a fine stepper. He contemplates raising fast stock.

Save money and Suffering.

One feature of the thousands of testimonials that have been given in behalf of S. S. S. is remarkable. In numbers of instances it is related that a great deal of time and money have been spent in vain effort to secure relief from disease in the usual way. A knowledge of the virtues of Swift's Specific would have saved the time and the money, to say nothing of the prevention of the suffering. The great blood purifier is for sale by druggists everywhere, and the S. S. S. company in Atlanta will send to any address their Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases free, and a pamphlet containing a few of the thousands of testimonials they have received from those who have experienced the benefits of this wonderful medicine.

Prof. Heffner's new house at Centra was badly damaged by a storm last Saturday.

Blank School statements at this office, 60 cents a dozen by mail. Address THE COLUMBIAN.

Fresh from the Mint

Is Manners' Double Extract Sarsaparilla. For boils, pimples, scrofula, eczema and erysipelas it cannot be beat, 50c a bottle. For sale by Moyer Bros., Wholesale and retail druggists, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Steady employment and liberal wages is offered in another column by Sears, Henry & Co., Geneva, N. Y. They are a reliable firm. 4-17-6W.

MEMORIAL DAY.

MAY 30.

Comrades, bow with uncovered head,
And deem it not weakness to shed
Tears o'er his grave.
Strew flowers with memory's hand,
Float o'er him the flag of our land
He died to save.

The red for the blood he shed,
The white for his soul so pure,
The blue for the sky o'erhead,
Where his name shall aye endure.

He was only a stripling young,
But ne'er hath the poet sung
Of one so brave.

In the carnage of shot and shell,
With the broken staff, he fell,
And found a grave.

Oh, then, scatter the roses red,
Red, red as the blood he shed,
And lilies white;
Weave in the forget-me-not's hue,
A garland—red, white and blue—
Our emblem bright.

The red for the blood he shed,
The white for his soul so pure,
The blue for the sky o'erhead,
Where his name shall aye endure.
—Grace Le Baron.

THE TWO COLOR BEARERS

Philip Larrabee came of good stock. He was descended on his father's side from one of those hardy seamen who first sailed under the now historic flag of our country. In the memorable naval fight off Portland between the Yankee craft Enterprise and the British brig Boxer, Philip's ancestor bore a gallant and conspicuous part. It was into his arms the youthful Commander Burroughs fell, refusing to be carried below; he, who when the sword of the vanquished enemy was presented to him, clasped his hands and exclaimed: "I am satisfied. I die contented."

On the other side of the family tree the fires of patriotism burnt equally as bright. Time and time again had Philip, when a lad, begged his father to tell him the story of that memorable fight on the village green at Lexington, where his grandfather sealed with his life his blood his devotion to a just and noble cause.

The life of Philip Larrabee, like that of his father, seemed destined to be an eventful one, but one of those fatal epidemics which periodically sweep through a community left Philip and his sister Martha, some three years his senior, alone to struggle against a cold and unsympathetic world.

Philip and his sister had a widowed aunt who lived on the outskirts of one of those villages that so picturesquely sit on the rugged coast of the old Bay State, overlooking the blue waters that continually kiss its shore. In the humble abode of this good woman, who in every way tried to heal their griefs and fit them for the stern realities of life, the two orphan children found a home and a loving heart. Having a natural taste for the water, Philip soon became expert in the sailing of little craft.

Martha, under his tuition, in time could handle a boat almost as well, and often she would, while Philip was away, be seen at the helm managing it with the ease and grace of her brother.

Philip's eighteenth birthday had come and gone, and he had now developed into a sturdy, well formed young man. One evening he came home from the village quite late—an occurrence unusual for him, for he rarely missed sitting down to the evening meal with his aunt and sister.

"I wonder where Phil can be?" said Martha. "Here it is after 7 o'clock and no sign of him yet."

But in this she was mistaken, for glancing out of the window she saw Philip rapidly coming up the road, open the gate, and running up the neat gravel walk leading to the house, burst into the room before her aunt had replied to her question.

"Why, Phil! What is the matter? Has anything dreadful happened at the village?" exclaimed Martha.

"Yes—yes, everything has happened! Fort Sumter has been fired upon—the president has called for troops, and—I have enlisted!"

As Philip said this he clasped Martha in his strong arms, and before she could recover from her amazement at the startling news, he pressed a warm and loving kiss upon her lips and continued:

"Don't discourage me from going, Martha—please don't! I feel as though father and mother would rise up in their graves and point their fingers at me in scorn if I refused to respond to our country's appeal. I would disgrace the blood that flows through our veins if I now failed to do my duty."

Philip looked down into his sister's face. A bright smile greeted his glance, and as she tried to keep back the tears she said:

"Phil, if you had done otherwise I believe I should have hated you as much as I now love you!"

The next twelve months were most eventful ones in the life of Philip Larrabee. With feelings of pride and joy, but mingled with fear and anguish, Martha followed, through the accounts in the papers and letters from Philip, the movements and deeds of his regiment—especially so when after one of those desperate engagements that occurred in the earlier period of the war she read of Philip's promotion to sergeant and color bearer. He had seized the regimental flag from the hands of him who relinquished it only in death, and had bravely carried it through the rest of that sanguinary day till victory at last perched upon its tattered folds.

Philip's regiment, thinned by death and disease to less than one-half of its original number, now enjoyed a brief season of rest.

In comfortable quarters, consisting of log huts built from the neighboring forest, they peacefully and quietly passed the winter months in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah. Spring drew near, and as it approached active preparations for the coming campaign were begun. During the commencement of these preparations Philip one day received orders to report to the colonel of his regiment.

He found the colonel standing in front of the rough fireplace in his little quarters,

apparently in deep thought and awaiting his coming. "Philip," said he, turning and gazing steadily into his eyes as though he would read his inmost thoughts, "the general has requested of me a man, one that I know to be brave, discreet and to be depended upon under the most trying circumstances. He desires him for a service which will not only require nerve and courage, but will at times place him in positions of the most desperate and dangerous character. I know no one in the regiment whom I could so trustingly rely upon as yourself. Do you care to volunteer?"

Without a moment's hesitancy Philip calmly replied, "Colonel, I am ready at all times to serve my country in any capacity duty requires."

As the colonel proceeded to unfold to him the mission the general wished to send him upon, and the manner in which he was to leave, a deathly pallor for a moment overspread Philip's face.

The colonel stopped. "Do you hesitate?" said he. "This is to be voluntary on your part; you are not obliged to go if you do not wish to do so."

"No—no," Philip replied, "I wish to go—it is my desire to do so, but I was thinking for a moment of Martha, my sister, and of the pain she would suffer when she hears of my being missing. I am ready, colonel. I will try and do my duty, but if anything should happen to me that no stain is allowed to rest on my name."

It was late when Philip left the colonel's quarters. As he did so the old veteran grasped him warmly by the hand, and while a tear trickled down his bronzed cheek said: "God bless and protect you, Philip. I hope to be the first to welcome you back."

The next morning Philip Larrabee, for the first time since his enrollment as a soldier, failed to answer his name at the roll call. Doubt, uncertainty and innuendoes are as great a load for a loving heart to carry as the deepest sorrow.

Martha, alarmed at first in not hearing from Philip as usual, felt her heart sink within her when she learned that he was reported as missing. Everything relating to his strange disappearance was of the most vague and unsatisfactory character. He was missing from his company, that was all that was known.

Whether he had deserted, whether he was alive or dead, no one seemed able to tell. But Martha believed him to be alive, although she could not fathom the mystery. She moved about as in a trance, and seemed oblivious to all her surroundings.

Soon after this the little boat, once the constant companion of these two loving hearts, was found in a battered condition on the rocky shore of the bay some distance from the village. Its mistress was not to be found. The villagers said she had at last given away to her grief and sought consolation and rest in the deep waters that knew her so well.

The army had now moved forward and was in close proximity to the enemy. Among those who stole into the Union lines after this advance was a person apparently a farmer. He proceeded at once to the headquarters of Philip's regiment, and the colonel, so the sentinel on duty there afterward declared, threw his arms around his neck and hugged him with joy. They were soon in the presence of the general, and although it is not known what happened at the interview it was evidently of an important nature.

The next day Philip Larrabee reported to the captain of his company for duty and once more took charge of the colors.

The thunder of battle once more resounded through the peaceful hills and valleys of the Shenandoah. The brigade, of which Philip's regiment formed a part, laid on its arms under cover of some woods opposite one of the enemy's strongest intrenchments. From these works the Confederate batteries kept up a most active and deadly fire. These guns must be silenced, and to do so the brigade is ordered to take them at the point of the bayonet.

At the command the troops move out from under the cover and take position in full view of the enemy. The lines are formed, orders given, and the command moves forward under a terrible fire as steadily as if on parade.

A large opening consisting in part of meadow, and then the rough ground of an old potato patch has to be passed before the hills are reached on which the enemy is so securely entrenched. As the brigade moves through the meadow they get orders to "double quick," and with cheer upon cheer they steadily push forward under a murderous fire. When the edge of the potato patch is reached Philip, still carrying the colors, stops, staggers in his tracks and falls forward. The line hesitates, wavers, as though unable to proceed farther. As Philip sinks to the ground, death stamping its seal upon his noble face, a comrade catches with one hand the staff, now stained with the warm life blood of its faithful guardian; then, bending over his almost lifeless form, exclaims in tones of indescribable anguish and tenderness:

"Phil! my dearest Phil!"

What voice is that? At its tender and appealing tone the dying man looked into the face of his comrade—a look of happiness—a recognition in which soul speaks to soul, a light of unutterable joy for a second steals over the shadow of death, and in a dying whisper murmurs "Martha!"

The pause is but momentary—frightful gaps close up and the lines move forward with renewed precision and determination. The colors again proudly float through the smoke of battle. With eyes fastened upon its torn and blood-stained folds, now being borne toward the enemy far in advance, the men clear the potato patch and charge with redoubled efforts up the hill from which their ranks meet death and desolation. The color bearer is first on the heights, but the next instant the deadly minnie ball seeks another victim, and Martha, the heroine, the noble successor of her brother, falls lifeless inside the enemy's works. Her spirit takes its flight with that of Philip's, and both will awake to the reveille in another world.—G. A. R. Gazette.

No Medium Like the Newspaper.

The advertising man of a well known New York clothing house says: "We were the first to use the sails of vessels as an advertising medium. Then we got up the 'alphabet puzzle,' and gave away 500,000 puzzles while the craze lasted. Afterward we invented the Waterbury watch idea. We had to do something, because three of our principal competitors had failed, and their stocks were being sold for next to nothing by assignees; so we decided to give a Waterbury watch with every twelve dollars' worth of goods purchased. We advertised the watches 'wound and set.' To wind them fast enough we had to rig up a little machine worked like a sewing machine that would do the winding, and we kept several boys at work winding and setting them. Before we quit we had given away 40,000 of the watches.

"But nothing ever pays us like the ordinary newspaper advertising. The fact is there has come to be in this city a class of advertisement readers just as there is of news readers. They read the advertisements every day, and of course the man who wants to attract them has to get up an advertisement that will do it. The day of standing advertisements in the paper, 'Go to So-and-So's for clothing,' or 'Go to This-and-That's for shoes,' has passed, just as the day for painting signs on rocks and fences or on the sails of boats has passed. You must have something interesting and fresh in every advertisement, and it will be read.

A Place for Talent.

In nearly all regulated lines of industry at present the advertising man is one of the most important adjuncts of a business. And on the other hand the advertising department of a first class newspaper is not what it used to be, but is instead fast becoming an interesting feature of all enterprising journals. Formerly the prevailing idea among the uninitiated was that the talented, the best, most versatile and most ingenious writers and artists were all employed in the news department. How nearly correct this idea may have been need not be stated, but that such is not the case now may be seen by a perusal of the "ads" of any flourishing paper. The competitions between the merchants and between the papers' agents have become so great that the great wholesale and retail houses of the large cities employ talented men at big salaries to attend to their advertising alone, and the men who want the best positions in the counting rooms of newspapers must combine fine business qualifications with the talent that wins success in the editorial chair.—Yenowine's News.

Advertising Necessary to Success.

The merchant or manufacturer who does not advertise his goods cannot succeed. Of late newspaper advertising has become a distinct trade in itself, and all over the country leading concerns pay fabulous prices for men who are skillful in writing catchy advertisements. In many large cities there are men earning from \$3,000 to \$10,000 a year to write advertisements. This fact in itself shows advertising pays.

If people interested in this subject will investigate it for themselves they will find that the leading advertisers in The Plain Dealer are the merchants who have the best stores, the best assortments of goods and who sell at the most reasonable prices. Such merchants do a much larger business than merchants who do not advertise; consequently they turn their goods over more quickly and can afford to give better prices. Close buyers appreciate this. What is the moral? He who advertises the most judiciously succeeds the best, and the buyers who seek the best bargains patronize such merchants.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Never Be Commonplace.

"Bring your feet with you and have them fitted to a pair of our common sense shoes." It is a good phrase and one which attracts attention. The man who succeeds in advertising in such a way that people read his advertisement is the one who draws trade to his store as sure as a magnet draws a needle to itself. Study up quaint, pithy or witty phrases to head your advertisements, and be not too modest in the space they occupy.—Brockton Shoe.

Regular Publications Best.

No one takes up a regular publication without the expectation of finding something of interest. The simple act of turning the pages is as positive an example of expectation as is the opening of a closet if one is in search of a coat. Hence an announcement in a regular publication has an advantage over any other form of business solicitation—that of meeting the sought for eye at a time that it is in a mood for such greeting.—A. C. Ladd.

Fulfill Every Promise.

The merchant who desires the confidence and custom of intelligent people should never make a promise that he does not fulfill, or hold out, either by express statement or inference, any inducements that are not fully substantiated by the facts. There is no enduring success where confidence is lacking on the part of customers. Any success not founded on square and liberal dealing is sure to be short lived.

Use Common Sense.

That people should use the same practical common sense in advertising that is necessary to transact any other business would seem to be an indisputable proposition. Yet there are gentlemen who are extremely good business men in all other respects who will make grievous errors in this direction.—Knoxville Sentinel.

Must Have Genius.

The simplest advertisements sometimes require the most care and thought in their construction. To write a column is a matter of time, but to edit it down into a sentence is something more.—Printer's Ink.

What is



Castoria is Dr. Samuel Pitcher's prescription for Infants and Children. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It is a harmless substitute for Paregoric, Drops, Soothing Syrups, and Castor Oil. It is Pleasant. Its guarantee is thirty years' use by Millions of Mothers. Castoria destroys Worms and allays feverishness. Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd, cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. Castoria relieves teething troubles, cures constipation and flatulency. Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. Castoria is the Children's Panacea—the Mother's Friend.

Castoria.

"Castoria is an excellent medicine for children. Mothers have repeatedly told me of its good effect upon their children."

Dr. G. C. Osgood,
Lowell, Mass.

"Castoria is the best remedy for children of which I am acquainted. I hope the day is not far distant when mothers will consider the real interest of their children, and use Castoria instead of the various quack nostrums which are destroying their loved ones, by forcing opium, morphine, soothing syrup and other harmful agents down their throats, thereby sending them to premature graves."

Dr. J. F. Kitcheloe,
Conway, Ark.

Castoria.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Our physicians in the children's department have spoken highly of their experience in their outside practice with Castoria, and although we only have among our medical supplies what is known as regular products, yet we are free to confess that the merits of Castoria has won us to look with favor upon it."

UNITED HOSPITAL AND DISPENSARY,
Boston, Mass.

ALLEN C. SMITH, Pres.,

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, New York City.

TRADESMAN:
THIS NEWSPAPER
CIRCULATES IN THE HOMES
OF PEOPLE BUYING THE
KIND OF GOODS YOU MAY
HAVE TO SELL.
MORAL:
INVITE THEM TO YOUR STORE

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Col. Co., Pa., and to me directed, there will be sold on the premises, in the town of Bloomsburg, Pa., on

MONDAY, JUNE 22, 1891,

at 10 o'clock a. m., all that certain piece, parcel or lot of land situate on the north side of Fourth street in the town of Bloomsburg, County of Columbia and State of Pennsylvania, extending along Fourth street fifty-six feet, nine inches more or less, and bounded on the South by Fourth street as aforesaid, on the west by land of John L. Meyer, on the north by an alley and on the east by land of Thomas L. Gunton, formerly land of George Weaver.

ALSO—All that certain piece or parcel of land, being two town lots, situate on the South side of Fourth street, in the Town of Bloomsburg, aforesaid, extending along Fourth street one hundred and thirteen feet six inches, bounded on the east by lands of George Weaver, on the south by Brugler's alley, on the west by land of M. S. Appleman and on the North by Fourth street as aforesaid.

Seized, taken into execution at the suit of Mary Walter, J. H. Maize, Administrator of Sarah Hamlin, deceased, Moses McHenry, Esq., executor of William Whittight, deceased, and Daniel E. Whittight versus Norman W. Walter, and to be sold as the property of Norman W. Walter.

MAIZE, JOHN B. CASEY,
Attorney. Sheriff.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Assigned Estate of Emmor Dietterick.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned, appointed an Auditor on Executions and to make distribution of said estate, will attend at the office of Charles B. Jackson, Esq., in Berwick, on Thursday, June 25, 1891, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, and perform the duties of his appointment at his office in the town of Bloomsburg, in Meyer's building, upon Monday, the 23rd day of June A. D., 1891, at 9 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons interested in the said estate and the fund for distribution are requested to appear. Failure to attend and make claim legally proved will deprive parties from ever coming in on said fund.
May 29, '91. LEVI E. WALLER,
Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In re estate of Clatsworthy S. M. Fisher, deceased.
The undersigned auditor appointed by the Orphans' Court of Columbia county, to make distribution of the balance of the funds in the hands of the administrator of said estate to the parties legally entitled thereto, will attend at the duties of his appointment at his office in the town of Bloomsburg, in Meyer's building, upon Monday, the 23rd day of June A. D., 1891, at 9 o'clock a. m., when and where all persons having claims against said estate must appear and prove the same or be debarred from any share of said fund.
May 29, '91. WM. CHRISTMAN,
Auditor.

Tax collector's notices and receipt books for sale at this office. 3c each, 30 cents a dozen. tf.

CHARTER NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the Governor of the State of Pennsylvania on Friday June 12, 1891, by Paul E. Wirt, C. W. Fustion, C. G. Fenecek, James Magee 2nd, James Magee 1st and W. H. Vanderherken, under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania entitled "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations" Approved April 28, 1874 and the supplements thereto for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the "Bloomsburg Carpet Works" the character and object of which is the manufacture and sale of carpets and other textile fabrics, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges of said Act of Assembly and supplements thereto.
C. W. MILLER,
Solicitor.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of David and Esther A. Stroup, deceased.
Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the estate of David and Esther Ann Stroup, late of Bloomsburg, deceased, have been granted to the undersigned executors, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.
HERVEY H. GROTZ,
C. A. KLEIM,
Executors.

M'KILLIP BRO'S.

Photographers.

Only the best work done. Finest effects in light, and shade; negatives re-touched and modeled for superior finish.

Copying, viewing and life size crayons.

Over H. J. Clark & Sons store.

BLOOMSBURG.

Leases for sale at this office. 3c each, 30 cents a dozen. tf.